

KEEP



RIGHT

KRS-One Lyrics

"Club Shoutouts"

[KRS-One:]

Listen, I don't know where them other cats be at
But we be in the clubs
We be all over the country, KILLIN IT~! (Yeah)
They can talk that club rock, this that and the other
But when it comes to really gettin down
We gets down, y'all know what time it is
Big up to my people at the 9:30 Club, Washington D.C.
Big up Cat's Cradle in North Carolina
House of Blues in New Orleans
S.O.B.'s in New York
King Club in, in L.A.
Aww man it's sick, Aggie P and them in Denver
(Word up we be smashin 'em Blast, they can't get enough of it!)
(But big up to my peoples at the Electric Factory in Philly)
(Joe guard your grill up in Chicago!)
(Big up to The Destiny in San Fran)
(Big up to the Apache Club, in A-T-L)
(The Hundred Club in Las Vegas)
(And The Spot up in San Jose)
(You know how we do, "Keep Right" word up)
Smashin, SMASHIN~!
(At some point, they're gonna have to come to the truth)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Are You Ready For This"

[Chorus:]

Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)

Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)

Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)

Well we just can't miss (drop the beat like this)

Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)

Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)

Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)

Well we just can't miss

Well when I speak this

I'ma be like this, I'ma be like Kris

I'ma teacher, I'ma preacher, I'ma free my kids

I'ma grow dem and show dem what a leader is

I'ma teach dem the laws of receive and give

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, believe and live

You done heard the hype, COME to where the talent is

"I'm Still #1," yup you heard right

People say, "KRS-One you shine bright!"

Others say, "Yo - you rhyme tight"

When you find me, you find light, and that's alright

I don't know about pimpin, sellin women like retail

Or turning coke into crack for resale

But I do know if we fail

In 2020 our children by the million gonna be jailed

We got the victory over the streets

God willin we chillin, we know we gon' eat

I'm a whole different kind of MC, hoes don't like

not tempt me but the ladies treat me oh so gently

Universities sendin me stretch Bentleys

My seminars and lectures, are rarely never empty

We teach students plenty, honorary degrees

Gold and platinum plaques I got many, ask Kenny

People get shocked when I walk into Denny's

Or the corner Kwik-Stop, they say, "That's Hip-Hop

right there," and yeah it's really quite clear

2004 might be the right year

for mental and spiritual repair

The solution is in the resolution you just declared

[Chorus]

When I speak like this

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, hip-hop philosopher

All in the street well I'm very popular

All through the hood I make all the stops and I

avoid the cops and them random shots well I

love hip-hop and I, live hip-hop so I

spit that shit to get you off your block cause I
can't understand and I, wish I could see dem
cats that talk bout they love the hood and they
never bring the hood anything that's good, and they
rap for the money tree, chasin a company
But I think you can now see, rap is fun to me
I got a ministry, a class, a staff that's under me
KRS in pop rap? Nah, it ain't ought to be
It'll never happen like, you eatin pork with me
Amateurs hawkin me, DON'T EVEN talk to me
My house is in Atlanta but I still got New York in me
Walk with me, most rappers are short to me
I'm like Chamberlain, dominatin the sport you see
I toss MC's off of me
When you hear KRS you say that's how it ought to be

[Chorus]

I drop heat like this!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Illegal Business Remix 2004"

Ha! Ha! Huh! Huh! What's this?
Yo, huh, huh, huh

I'm the one that steps in the club, ya not see it
Givin dap, givin pounds and hugs, ya not see it
In the club I'm not lookin for love, ya not see it
Gimme the mic and I'll show you whassup, better believe it
I'm not at the bar, whatever the pub, ya not see it
Still they sendin me these bottles of bub, ya not see it
But I will open the minds of thugs, ya not see it
Who you think really bring in the drugs, ya not see it
60 million people smokin the bud, ya not see it
Cause the American way of life is bugged, ya not see it
You never peep it, yo this ain't a secret, ya not see it
They confiscate it, resell it, you retrieve it, ya not see it!
So believe it while you sit there weeded, ya not see it
Hip-Hop culture who gonna lead it, ya not see it
K, R, S One, ya not see it
Peace love unity and havin the fun, ya not see it

[Chorus]

Cocaine business control America
Ganja business control America
KRS-One still causin hysteria
Illegal business control America
Diamond business control America
The oil business control America
KRS-One still causin hysteria
Illegal business control America

Yo, rise up brother, raise up sister
Visualize wealth, put yourself in the picture
Very few cats gon' tell you the half, ya not see it
Cause they're really only after the cash, ya not see it
But they wind up sellin they own ass
One album, two album, they gone they don't last
So hold on a minute now, don't be so fast
Knowledge Reigns Supreme with me ya won't crash
Ha, I'm the cat that spits the raw, ya not see it
They can't believe when I hit the tour, ya not see it
I'm not ready to retire for sure, ya not see it
I'm from the 70's, I'm down by law, ya not see it
We passed fliers door to door, ya not see it
Popularity's growin more and more, ya not see it
Conscious rap where the heart is at, ya not see it
We be screamin WHERE THE PARTY AT, ya not see it
But instead of the Bacardi sack, ya not see it
Fallin out in the party in the back, ya not see it

Let me show you where the art is at, ya not see it
Put down your money I'm takin all of that, ya not see it
All the clubs they be callin me back, ya not see it
I'm never short cause I'm taller than that, ya not see it
I'm only showin you the other way out
Maybe I'm preachin but this is what love is about, ya not see it

[Chorus]

KRS, I speak when I must
This that official underground rap, this you can trust
I stand outside the industry and there's many of us
Talkin mad shit but for those who not bilingual, plenty of stuff
My whole crew is why you can't get with any of us
Reason I'm not on TV cause I'm not sellin you nothin
I'm not rhymin for a Bentley or a house this plush
I spit for the conscious, what about us?
Time's up, time to open that mind up
Temple of Hip-Hop sign up, devils we bind up
When I'm up rhymin cuts your spirit hear it and shines up
Climb up before you wind up takin

[Chorus]

[scratching]

[Chorus: minus instrumental]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Prayer Of Afrika Bambaataa"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[Afrika Bambaataa:]

In the name of the force who is the source who is called by many names

Allah, Jehovah, Yahweh, Elohim, Jah, El Nu, El Kuluwm, The All

And as we give praise to the creator

And we give praise for all you human beings

Who's down here on this planet, so-called Earth

And to all the extraterrestrial beings

In other planets and other places and other dimensions

Throughout our universe of universes

I greet all of y'all with the greetings words of PEACE... *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Gon Go?"

I'm bringing back the style that others have pushed to the rear
Now you see me, now you don't, now I'm everywhere
Maybe you can see that knowledge does reign supreme
Rap is like a ballclub and I coach the team
Move the crowd, that's what MC mean
How many albums I got? Mmmm...12, 13
I've told y'all before
You are not just doin' hip-hop, you are hip-hop
Them jokers need to stop, be hip-hop
I mastered this and him, her, they, them, that one
she and he did not
I speak a lot
I hit 'em in they weakest spot
Come see me rock, yo, you'll leave in shock
KRS, you ever wonder why he's so hot?
It's because he's not pop yo, he's hip-hop
West to East the sound of the police will rock
If you don't love this you won't have the heat I got
Disciplined if you listening the beats [?]
Fuck the dumb shit yo, we gotta teach the tots
They say I preach a lot
And last year the took the jeep and shot
But this year the beat will knock

[Hook x2:]

I know where
We can go
To see how a real MC flow
No video
No radio
Just a live show
C'mon now you gon' go?

I'm still standing, demanding playing my lex jammin'
Cats wanna really see me start blam-blammin'
Put away the cannon for this overstandin'
I'm landin'
Let the music play like Shannon
I'm so hot, why not, I bring all the fans in
Watch me now come alive like Peter Frampton
Listen to me people, listen to me loud and clear
It's time I found out what type of people up in here
When I shout out the classic if you know it say yeah
South Bronx-Yeah!
My Philosophy-Yeah!
Black Cop-Yeah!
You Must Learn-Yeah!
Yeah we gonna do it up in here

I'm still standin'
And rappers be mad-mad
Cause they know they'll give birth like the American
flag in Baghdad
All they do is blab-blab, that head chatter
Why the dopest MC always a dead rapper?
I'm a real live rapper, I'm out to set it
I pay dues, while your crews still on credit
You talk that shit till I come out the school
And all y'all sound like Trina sayin' "That's Cool"
Time for the streets again
Time for them cats to pop gats into the mic you speakin' in
I'm creepin' in with a hundred soldiers
When I step on the stage it's over

[Hook x2]

They don't play me a lot
KRS you don't see a lot
On TV a lot, but I do MC a lot
I don't duck and hide when I see the cops
I'm free with the knowledge to free the block
Live on the radio I'm sendin' my rhyme, you can see
I'm behind enemy lines
You already heard about plenty of crime
Now hear about the sciences that could really open ya mind
I only got a little bit of time to rhyme before the
producer over here says "Ok, that's fine"
So let's get to it, I got my whole squad with me
On top'a all that I got God with me
You can go far with me
From New York, to Atlanta, to LA
You know they all with me
You might not see me on this station cause this is a
Rapcity and KRS leads a Hip-Hop nation
Even though y'all chase ends
Why can't weeeeeee be friends, it all depends
Cats wanna thug it out
Isn't it true that Hip-Hop was bigger when we all loved it out?
Look at the difference in raps
See when I'm spittin' the facts
Louder than anyone could rap, the industry collapse
No one's special anymore
Variety is gone for sure

[Hook x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Phucked"

Yeah

Y'know when advice is in your face, you need to heed that

Word, you need to read that

Y'know, I put this lil' joint together real quick

You know what it's called?

It's called - NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

That's right, listen

Wasn't you the type to mimic what you saw on TV?

Wasn't you the type to mimic what you heard on CD?

You never wanted to work you wanted everything easy

You heard KRS and you said, "That's preachy!"

A wise young man says, "Father - teach me"

A foolish young man wants to live life freaky

Oh yes, Knowledge does Reign Supremely

When I said it eighty-nine you didn't believe me

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. that's right

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. life is over, finished, done

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. better heed that, read that

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

Listen - back in the days on the Boulevard of Linden

BROOKLYN! Kris was a, metaphysician

LOOKIN! For better ways to live without bein

TOOKEN! We started our own management and

BOOKIN! Makin moves with them live cats on

FULTON! I can't even 'member all the dough that we

TOOK IN! But you was lookin down on us

Cause platinum never astounded us, so

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, like that

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. ha, you shoulda heed that, you better

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. y'all was chasin the radio, remember that?

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. what they givin you back now?

Back when we was all singin "Monie in the Middle"

You wanted to wiggle, jiggle in a tight skirt and giggle

Even when outside was brittle, you still had on little

And KRS warned that you'll get played like a fiddle

Now you havin cravings for pickles cause you pregnant

and don't know where the dad went and you poppin them drugs like Skittles

When the baby is born it's little and sick

But it's no riddle, you was movin too quick, huh

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, look at this

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. you shoulda stayed home and read a book

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. literally, symbolically

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

When advice is in your life you need to take it
Cause frankly, everybody ain't gonna make it
Back in the days we, showed 'em the way
I put it there in the music but you weren't amazed
You would criticize, debate, and basically hate
But let it be known I wanted everyone to be great
But you would diss and not even try to do better
When we was at the U.N. you said "whatever"

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. we movin ahead, you still in the same spot

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. 'member all that back talk, all that?

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. takin over

KRS-One Lyrics

"A Call To Order"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[over beat from "Phucked"]

[Afrika Bambaataa:]

True school, you got to stop BS'in, with this

New school you got to stop BS'in with this

Cause y'all don't know that y'all ALL are bein controlled by corporations

Where's your hip-hop museum? Where's your hip-hop doctors?

Where's your hip-hop judges? Hip-Hop lawyers?

Where's our hip-hop agriculturalists? Our hip-hop army?

We better have some hip-hop police police our hip-hop self

If we gon' do all this killin

We are at war brothers and sisters...

[leads into "Everybody Rise"]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Everybody Rise"

(feat. L Da Headtoucha)

[scratched:] "hit you with the real"

[L Da Headtoucha]

Geah, it's Headtoucha and KRS combined and
Yes, through the new millenium era we grindin
Yes, this combination right here's one of a kind and
It's Soul Supreme's dream team, we shinin
Clap, I'm tryin to tell 'em there's more to it than rhymin
It's now or never, all and together we climbin
Clap, let's rewind to the beginnin of time and
Back again, words merge over tracks like um, Shaq goes in
I, crack yo' cabbage in, we ain't no average men
My pen takes people to places they haven't been
Like the streets or the gutter, when I speak over beats
You discover I drop heat, don't compete with this brother
No, just compete with each other, I'm deep in the gutter
This underground sound, and I'm keepin it gutter
Music is - the reason I'm livin, the reason I'm driven
and givin my all to all y'all

[scratched:]

[Busta Rhymes:] "Everybody rise!"
[KRS:] "Learn the techniques of"
[Das EFX:] "real hip-hop"
"no doubt" "so you don't have to worry and doubt"
"KRS-One" "savagely attack"

[KRS-One]

Forgive me, I always been an indie-pendant
Hip-Hop started on my block, I remember it
It's in me, others wanna spit what's trendy
But I take it back to Mork & Mindy
Tellin these young cats, Nanu Nanu
Keep my name out your mouth, it's too much to swallow
Big up to my people, Peedo and Gato
Victory over the streets, that's our motto
I ain't forget you Choco-latte
Chocolatte, you the original not the co-py
But enough of that, run it back, we lovin that
Break from them other cats, KRS-One is back
Just look where the sun is at, where the moon is at
If you in tune to that, you can never lose in rap
Astronomy, all in inside of me
For that conscious lyric, you know who you got to see!

"KRS-One" "KRS-One"

"KRS-One" "rap graphic"

"collaborate with" "L Da Headtoucha"
"we'll touch you"

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stop Skeemin"

(feat. Joe)

[Milk Dee:] "Stop scheming!"
[Milk Dee:] "What more can I say?"
"Stop scheming!"

[repeat x4]
"What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

"Stop scheming!"
"Stop scheming!"
"What more can I say?"
"What more can I say?"
"Stop scheming!"

[KRS-One]
Yo I'm, I'm here to see a friend
He came here last night about 12:10
The charge? Well he killed his girlfriend
Huh? Fill this out - yo you got a pen?
What time did I come in?
Yes, yeah I'll follow you
Oh there he go - yo whassup? Man you went OUT yo!
Tchk, yo how you shruggin your shoulders?
You lookin at double life here soldier!

[Joe: singing #1]
Tell me what was on your mind
You should've thought a second time
Now you gotta leave your dreams behind
For life.. "What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

[KRS-One]
See that's what I'm sayin, you gots to change your attitude G
Listen to me, the judge seein your case is a thirty-three degree
Maybe you can find your pops, a thirty-three degree
And see if you can be free by no later than three
Yo why you lookin at me like that? What'chu mean it's whack?
You got a six figure bail and not a dime in the sack
See I told you, one day you'd caught her last time creepin
You shoulda just let her go but you couldn't stop schemin

[Joe x2: singing #2]
Shoulda just walked away, walked away
Walked away..
Now they got you locked away, locked away
Locked away.. "What more can I say?"

"Stop scheming!"

[Joe] Whoa-ohhhh!

[KRS-One]

Nah nah, na nah nah nah yo listen man you ever heard of
the fact that you get one time for premeditated murder?

Um, don't argue man just yesterday y'all were kissin and huggin
What you lost your temper or somethin?

Huh? Yeah well killin a lady WORSE

You should always think FIRST!

Yo I'ma try to.. tchk here comes the C.O.

Yo whassup Thompson? Yo I'll say whassup to your P.O.

[Joe singing #1]

[Joe singing #2 1/2]

"What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

KRS-One Lyrics

"...And Then Again..."

Peace and much love my people, I am Minister Server
Right here with the teacher, KRS-One
Album #13, "Keep Right," or you gon' get left
You know what time it is, ain't no time to be frontin
Trust yourself, get with the movement
Yo teacher, let 'em have it - like this, c'mon

You get the CD and then, it's time to see me again
You break it open and then, no we not jokin again
Turn on your player and then, the rhyme sayer again
Put in the cd and then, you can't believe me again
Turn up the volume and then, we blowin by you again
You start to listen and then, you see the mission again
You start to listen and then, you get the vision again
U-N-I-T-Y that spells unity man
On G-O-D I demand, as you can see I don't end
Your family I defend, don't battle me you won't win
I'm not livin in sin, but I'm livin with Him
Her/They/Them/Us trust yo let us begin
KRS is unique, you can hear how I speak
I be teachin the streets, I'm fin' ta reach for the peak
I rock a club every week, I keep them thugs on they feet
He's back, just me, please, don't try to compete
I kick that knowledge in college when I club it it gets rugged
And you can see that these others be garbage and I love it
Uhh, what's the state of hip-hop? Don't confuse it with rap
It's the state of your mind, it's the way that we act
It's that thing that makes you say yo I can never be whack
It's also clickin through my lyric lickings spittin the facts
Hot tracks y'all prep for combat
Baby I'm back, they crazy whack, takin 'em out!
The philosophical flow son, that's live at my show son
I'm soundin like no one, you feelin me though?
The people want me back like they want The Arsenio Show
They want the real, not a video hoe!
This is KRS-One, you gotta believe me
I'm sittin in the studio with Nice and B.C.
See me tonight, we keepin it tight
It's another from the brother KRS, "Keep Right!"

KRS-One Lyrics

"My Mind Is Racing"

[Intro]

Vroom vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom
My mind is racing

[Verse 1]

When you young you talk shit and get slapped up for it
The ice, the cars, the clothes, we already bought it
The streets, the projects, the hood, we already support it
The rep, the respect, them cases we already carted
The gold, the platinum plaques, we already flaunted
The leathers in freezing weathers we already sported
The wise see your lies and you already shorted
Them boys they talkin to boys, we men we ignore it
The whole planet, so-called Earth, we already toured it
My levels be on max with the bass distorted
When the economy is up we getting all of that
When the economy is down we still touring Jack
Look back at '88, where them ballers at?
They was buyin' out the bar, I ain't fall for that
Spending they money, you'd think the club would call them back
But they didn't, that shit was all an act
I go

[Chorus 1:]

Vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom
I said my mind is racing like
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing

[Chorus 2: x2]

I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
In this concrete jungle it's hard to stay humble
I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
I bring that drama to whoever, whenever, WHAT!

[Verse 2]

Yo, let me tell you 'bout defeating the drama
In the street with the armour

It's the teacher, Kris Parker
I be in the hood, looking good, speaking of honour
Being a father
Not avoid the baby mama drama
Respect myself I gotta, we gotta live proper
The True hip-hopper, hits yes a non-stopper
A no quitter, heavy hitter
Looks within to, be the winner
Now let us begin the orientation
Hip-hop culture is what we call the nation
But annihilation is what we facing
Cats getting killed from Scott La Rock to Jam Master Jason
That's why we was at the United Nations
Laying down the foundation
For hip-hop as a real nation
You know what time we wastin?
But...

Vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing

[Chorus 2: x2]

[Chorus 1]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Me Man"

[KRS-One]

You told me man, you need me man
Who the teacher me man, who gon' lead you me man
Who gon' free you me man, well not mostly me man
But come up close to me man, make a toast with me man
I'm not starvin me man, I be feedin me man
You won't be seein me man, cause I be bookin me man
Them lights be hookin me man, while people look at me man
They sing the hooks with me man, yo read this book with me man
How these rappers slash actors wanna fuck with me man
When we be up inside the spot they be duckin me man
I be movin me man, showin and provin me man
My wife is soothin me man, yo' life is new to me man

[Minister Server]

Aiyyo what's goin on this is Minister Server
Now you've been readin the books, seein the lectures
Hearin the CD's watchin the tapes
Now's the time for you to get rid of your fears
Aiyyo teacher tell 'em what's going on

[KRS-One]

You see me man, it don't take much to be me man
I just stay extra focused on the G-O-D in me man
Not too many ahead of me man
If rappers were television channels I'd be C-SPAN, believe me man
Don't nobody sound like me man, I'm a free man
For that golden age hip-hop, you know you gotta see me man
From 1973 man, to 1993 man
If you unaware of them 20 years you won't understand me man
So here's the plan for you and me man
Hip-Hop is not a product to be bought and sold
Hip-Hop is you and me man
So in the years to come you gonna see me man
On top of a Shaquille like Leland
And you gonna be right there with me man
As you can see man I got S-T-Y-L-E man
Why for 17 years you already knew this about me man
So you be you man, and I'll be me man
But remember Knowledge Reigns Supreme - yup, that's me man!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Feel This"

(feat. NYCE)

Get 'em, get 'em (yeah yeah!)
Get 'em, get 'em (that's B & NYCE)
Get 'em, get 'em (ha ha)
Get 'em, get 'em

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Let's go, let's start the show
Contracts and dough, you came to hear Kris
Let's go, let's start the show
Watch how I flow, you came to feel this
Let's go, live MC rappin
Cut mix and scratchin, you came to see me
Let's go, let's make it happen
For your satisfaction, you came to be free

[KRS-One]

From all the bull, from all the push, from all the pull
From all the critics and the cynics that there happens to be
Relax from the attacks, there's no battlin me
Write whatever you like, I will rattle you G
No hassle for me, with the freestyle skill
Believe I'm ill, chill, I be surpassin MC's
Ain't too many faster than me man
Neck movin, sweat oozin, schoolin, that's how we jam
I write with a free hand, I write with a purpose
If you bought the CD, thanks for the purchase
If you downloaded the album then COME to the concert
Don't sit in front of the computer 'til your eye hurt
Get up, get out, and join the movement
Hip-Hop culture is more than music
And I'ma prove it, whether freestyle or written
Ax yourself how KRS still spittin

[Chorus]

[NYCE]

Me and my niggaz go to the club with hooded jeans and boots
Fuck a dress code, fuck a tie, fuck your shoes and suits
We rock doo rags to fitteds, and throwback jerseys
Front pockets with cash, paint a wall with a slash
Gettin our drink on, burnin trees, eyes lookin Japanese
Whylin out because the DJ threw on M.O.P.
Peepin how the ballers with the gators is hatin
But fuck what they be talkin this is straight from the streets
They got war comin out they mouth but they don't want beef
Cause yo I snatch them outta they ride, click click, surprise
Run your jewels, your shoes, before you make tonight's news

All downs are bet, and I'm playin for keeps
Actin like you gon' scheme, then my man gon' squeeze
Word to the [?] cause I knows you don't want it
You be up in, [?] tear while I be, everywhere
Yeah, it's like that what?

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Dream"

(feat. Minister Server)

[Minister Server: speaking]

The God of your understanding, has chosen you and you've agreed
To be here in this space and time to do something, that only you can do
Now I won't stand here to try and tell you what it is

But deep, inside yourself

As you take time to uncover, and ask yourself some vital questions
Like - what is it that brings me peace, what is it that brings me joy?

What do I love doing?

What am I willing to become highly skilled at doing?

What part can I play for the betterment of the society

And the world in which I want to live?

When you begin to ask yourself those real questions

And it doesn't have to be done in a formal way

It can be done just like we're speaking, right now

Ask yourself the question

Look at how you see yourself in just a year from now

And then go forward

And if you have children or even if you don't have children

Now begin to, look at your future beyond

The space and time that you are

Now visualize exactly, the way that you desire to live

Don't be afraid to, dream

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Been There"

[Chorus: x2]

I talk how I talk when I talk cause I been there
I walk how I walk when I walk cause I been there
On your own sleepin in the park yeah I been there
How we really gonna survive? Let us begin there

I'm talkin to the little you but, there is a bigger you
The bigger you is spiritual, little you that is physical
KRS is givin you, somethin more than I get with you
I'm hittin you, splittin you, rippin you down with me
You busted that metaphysical rap, at the pinnacle I'm at
I'm down here just to deal withu cats
I never bleep you, I just remind you that they don't need you
They gonna keep you for as long as they can eat you
But that mic you speak through goes from here to Mogadishu
And how you represent US is the issue
I'm not here to diss you, or dismiss you
But at any moment we can be hit with missiles

[Chorus]

How many MC's must get dissed
How many young men must get frisked
How much ice can really go on one wrist
How many shots get fired at a target and just miss
We gonna live like this?
I walk the same path that Ma\$e do
But he went in the church, I stayed out to face you
The difference between us is not just man to man
But in fact it's fan to fan
People that buy KRS-One goin places
People that buy your shit, they catchin cases
My people eat, your people cheat
Such is the words you speak and you reap
You can pop that shit if you like
But people that buy KRS-One, they lookin for the light
Like NYCE, Jada, Lizzard, B.C.
Harold, Symone, Server yo man see me

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Freestyle Ministry (Sever Verbals)"

(feat. Minister Server)

"It was quite evident that something new had to be introduced
in order for the music to flourish as it had in the past."

[KRS-One:]

Ha, hah, huh

You know the time here

[Jadakiss:] {"You will never be as nice as I am"} [Nas:] {"Nuttin to play wit"}
[Guru:] {"Troublesome, to anyone who stands in the way"} [Nas:] {"Be my guest"}

[KRS-One:]

Aiyyo, Minister Server, test your mic yo

[Minister Server (KRS):]

Yo this ain't complex, I keep it mad simple (whaaat)

Minister Server transmittin from the temple (that's right)

The Lord is my light and my salvation (that's right)

I'm here to heal the, hip-hop nation (C'MON~!)

And make sure that our next, destination (C'MON~!)

Is exactly where no procrastination (that's right)

We got things to do, I mean me and you (uhh uhh)

We got to do what we came here to be true (C'MON~!)

Through the Most High guide you got to find purpose (UHH)

I'm on the mic now (WOOOO) I didn't rehearse this (what)

It's from the spirit (that's right) to those ears that hear it (c'mon)

Ahhh...

[KRS-One:]

C'mon, yeah, yo

You ain't never heard no flow like this one

We teach on the streets, ruminations go get one

If you never heard of "My Philosophy"

Check my catalogue, check the glossary

Ministry archives, school society

Temple of Hip-Hop exhibit you got to see

Obviously I flow different from most of them

They radioactive, I don't get too close to them

Hip-Hop in the cypher, commence to roastin them

Or commence to "Edutainment," minds I open them

Up on the rooftop, scoping them

KRS this album is dope AGAIN!

[Ministry Server (KRS):]

It's up to you and me to walk in our authority (WOOOO)

To understand we got the inner divinity (that's right)

To change the things of this closed society (that's right)

Ain't that the way we said we wanted to be? (WORD~!)

Oh what'chu gonna do, you got to get off yo' ass (C'MON~!)
You can't move slow, you got to move real fast (c'mon, yeah, yeah)
If you, wanna keep up with the Temple your mental got to be ready
 And you got to keep these flows steady (yeah)
 And keep it goin, I don't really be knowin (yeah)
 how the Most High's gonna be flowin (ohhh)
 But I got faith and it's 2004 (yeah)
 So the H-Law, yeah more
We gon' bring you up, you know it's all the way real
And I'ma keep it like this, don't pack no steel (word)
But I got a gat, that's got a lot of truth (yeah, yeah)
 And I do it like this, my children be the proof
 So teacher, come let these cats know (that's real)
The way you do it like this, you got to let 'em know (whoa)
That's always true, the way you come through (yeah)
 So come and do what'chu gwan do

[KRS-One:]

Biddy-bye-bye, biddy-bye-bye, biddy-bye-bye biddy-bo
 Biddy-bye-bye ayyy, EASE OFF~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The I"

(feat. Mad Lion)

Where shall we land, there?
Which city shall we destroy today?
This one, or that one? This one?

[KRS-One]

Take a look a look around, we last forever
We carry books around, manuals are bound in leather
We rock the center, the only point that's in the circle
We free MC's, what we decree will not desert you
We know what we doin, we wise and we chillin
We calculate against the continued cries of our children
They may be cryin now but they won't be cryin later
We love hip-hop, because WE are it's creators
So we, build the Temple, write the books, teach the classes
Create instrumentals, write hooks and rock masses
NONE passes, without studyin this flow
It's all good as long as you know Kris know!

[Chorus: Mad Lion]

While I deal with I, Jah talk to I
When I dem go alike, only de one comply
Whatchu see with de I, look twice toward de I
If you don't unify your children them a gon' cry

[KRS-One]

I stand with the rejected, the unsuspected, the unconnected
The neglected the one you, never suspected
It seems you forget hip-hop plays the back
Sayin that's my sound, and that's my sound
And that's my track, and that's my rap
And that's some chorus they did way back, look honey bringin it back
I'm actually, I'm everywhere at every time
Animating every rhyme and every dare in every mind
KRS is my representative on Earth
Challenge him not, he's been hip-hop since birth
His main objective, is to put hip-hop in perspective
Show pity, and DESTROY these wack cities

[Chorus]

[Mad Lion]

Inna style dem a [?], yo alla dem a cry
Dey worship slackness and to be under sky
We lead dem to de water but we cyan't make dem drink
Pussy to take a sip, cause it gon' make you t'ink
We don't usually [?] yo alla dem a sing
Wisdom wort more den any diamond and gold

People use it and find it like de Dead Sea Scrolls

[KRS] Take dem Lion, take 'em, take it over!

[Mad Lion]

Cause of dem outer, dem outer, dem outer inter outer inter
Outer inter outer inter out of control
Dey neva find wisdom til dem dead ohhh
Mad Lion make de [?] roll
KRS make up a sea and bulge ya
Of the story of never been told-a
Cause we outer, outer, inter outer outer ese
Out of control, out of control
I'm so serious ay (what?)
We don have no time fi play, ay (tell 'em again)
Some people diss dem [?] hell's in this world
But dey'll come around one day

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, only Beezlebub think my voice is aggravatin
Children of light hear my voice and start congregatin
The mind's debatin, is he a prophet or is he Satan?
But the tree is only known by it's fruit, what am I creating?
What am I stating? Have I stood the test of time?
Or am I fading, or has God blessed my rhyme?
Settle your dissin, you better be listenin, forever we glisten
The metaphysician with a better way, makin a better day daily

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bucshot Shoutout"

(feat. Buckshot (Black Moon))

[Buckshot:]

Yeah - this is also

A message for all y'all heads out there

Who just heard, whatever you hear

This is the Boot Camp Clik, and we everywhere

Right now y'all 'bout to get into the real mindstate

Of where this is all goin, the Temple of Hip Hop y'all

Keep your mind thoroughly placed where it's at

So you can know where it's goin

Understand?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Rap History"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[Afrika Bambaataa:]

We got to understand rap been here for a long time~!

When God talked to the prophets, he was rappin

And when the prophets talked back to God, they was rappin

And then if people wanna bring it up and get all up to the modern days and ages

We can start to goin in the 60's when you had Shirley Ellis

When she did "The Name Game" and "The Clapping Song"

We can go to the poetry rappin of of sister Son... Sonia Sanchez

With uh The Watts Poets, or The Last Poets

We can get into the political or the message rap

Of The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, Malcolm X

Or The Honorable Elijah Muhammad

We can get into the the party and fun raps

Of Pigby Markam [?], Marks Baby [?]

We can go back to the "Hi De Hi De Ho" with Cab Calloway

We can go back to the radio disc jockey or jocko

Eddie OJ, and all the others that did things

We can go back to the LOVE RAP of Isaac Hayes, Black Moses

To the LOVE RAP of Barry White out there

This is all part of rap

And if all you country people want to get into the country & western thing

We can take it to, Tony Joe White, when he did "Poke Salad Annie"

This is all dealin with the rap

Rap has always been there... *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Let 'em Have It"

What, yeah
Shoutout Minister Server
Word up Super J
My man Byron is goin off
Marlowe, Inebriated Beats, word
Uhh, you know what this is, word up

[Chorus:]
Who be rockin it constantly? (KRS)
Who be droppin philosophy? (KRS)
For the real it got to be (KRS)
Them niggaz ain't stoppin me (KRS)
Whack rappers they got to go (let 'em have it)
So they front on that microphone (let 'em have it)

I be comin in all wild with raw styles
Goin that long mile, makin 'em all smile
Make it happen, MC'n no rappin, believe me I'm strappin
YOu see me I'm slappin, believe me you deceive me
It can greasy, I'm cappin, bring the action, ADD the clips
Start subtractin, multiply them shots, you a fraction
Raise up, blaze up, get made up
You wanna bug out you'll get, sprayed up - NOW~!
(Bo bo bo bo... yeah!)

[Chorus]

It's the Temple, expandin your mental
Inebriated instrumentals believe me nothin defends you
When I spit, rappers be runnin out really quick
They come with that silly shit, but them not really it
Kris is it, them an idiot, if it wasn't for radio programmin
you wouldn't be feelin it, or willin it
Original, metaphysical, meta-lyrical
Forever spiritual, really man, I ain't feelin you
(Yeah! Yeah! Whattup?)

[Chorus]

I'm somethin like a phe-nom-enon, fast like ramadan
You can never tell what style I'm on
Wise like Solomon, unlike any udda mon
If you lookin for that bling bling, go check dat udda mon
What I utter mon be butter mon, straight from the gutter mon
Boxcutter in one hand, buck in the other one
Lyric I got a ton of 'em, gunnin 'em, not frontin 'em
Back again, it's KRS-One and them, OHH~!
(Woooo! ...So)

[Chorus]

Feel it (let 'em have it)
So they front on the microphone (let 'em have it)
Y'all better catch up! Ha ha
Y'all better catch up! Word up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Still Spittin"

(feat. Akbar, An Ion, Illin' P, L da Headtoucha)

[KRS-One:]

It don't stop, word

It don't stop, we still spittin! Word

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, Over Nearly Everyone

When you gon' get it? Aww man

Watch how I spit 'em, watch how I hit 'em

Inebriated rhythm, we get up all in 'em

KRS you gotta get him, we the best we always win 'em

Them cats won't admit I'm in the club rippin they shit

I'm raw when I'm on tour you better be sure when you get 'em

'Til you hit the floor and spin 'em, them elements do you live 'em?

Or are you just usin 'em, confusin 'em and killin them

Your touring is boring, your minimum ain't fulfillin them

So let's start drillin 'em, why we ain't feelin them

Cause we lookin and lookin and don't see that real in them

Cars we be wheelin them, minds we be healin them

With books and CD's, believe me we straight dealin them

Live in the club them thugs hit the ceiling

When they get the feeling KRS-One start delivering

So who's up? (Akbar) You live hip-hop?

Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[Akbar:]

This whole rap game is a gamble, some MC's can't handle

Financial freeze, your record company's at a standstill

While I breeze through a sample, and lead by example

Find fertile minds and drop seeds by the handful

Man you ain't gotta hit me in my head with the anvil

I grow wise, I recognize the lies and the scandal

Once you sign on that line, your career could depend on
these white collar crooks who cook the books like Enron

So I took an oath to speak no lie

While mad rappers die over beef like E. Coli

I guess you thugs won't get the picture until them slugs hit ya

I ain't a hater, but sooner or later "Love's Gonna Get 'Cha"

And if you don't know that, then you dumb fella

And everything I said, went right over your head, like an umbrella

So who's up? (L) You live hip-hop? (Damn right)

Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[L Da Headtoucha:]

Categorize me with the best clique, rhyme majestic

with it I get sick and mo' connected

So electric my energy is remembered I'm limitless

My mind screamin just against the rhythm, intense is the ism

In 'em I long salute the young and hungry to shine

Nightmares of lost time haunt taunt me to rhyme
Been isolated, waitin years to finally reappear
Cheers I made it, all praise due, Inebriated
These words are weaponry, huh, mental telepathy
Rocks for definite, reppin it, 'til the death of me
Pain left in me runs deep, and leaks through the speakers
In Jeeps and tape decks, then connects to your peeps
We keep it, thorough borough to borough, city to ghetto
Rock like, heavy mental on the, instrumental
So who's up? (Illin') You live hip-hop?
Get on the mic and give it what you got

[Illin' P:]

I got five on it, you want it, flaunt it without hazzy
Dues paid check the rezzy, the black film be
that of a blunt's ash, past he of the spectacular cash
To get after master [?] atlas
I rep even when I be fingerin them, get it, probably not
Probably thought I meant that snitch talk
Starvin your brain, I never come with the simple and plain
To get at these thoughts, get on the train-er
I'ma a'fta learn ya bwoy, ya not fi come wit de sum'n
Microphone check one, no frontin
You niggaz is mimin your rhymes cause y'all ain't sayin nuttin
Some of dem soft, me foot bak I'm 'pon de mic
[?] (Good Will) stay ('untin)
Fear new day mon, un if ye wake up
Industry feel de shake up
Married to the ghetto you niggaz forget, break up
Ahh so who live hip-hop
Upon de hip, me ride the Soul Train ock

[Supastition:]

Yo I'm not to be confused with these popular new names
I been paid my dues I'm at the top of the food chain
And I should get an award for slept on peeps
So this beat'll be perfect for my acceptance speech
Forever loved in your city, thanks to rap
My album's a continuous seller like fitted Yankee caps
I'm like a demon, crossbred with a ragin bull
I'm from the South but I relate more to "Paid in Full"
So focused on my grind, I'm potent when I rhyme
Tell niggaz close your fuckin mouth and open up your mind
It takes more than a few weeks to learn
I make sure rappers and microphones ain't on speakin terms
As far as you concerned, I'm losin my temper and patience
Nobody takes shit serious like an impotent rapist
So who's up? (An I'on) You live hip-hop? (True dat, true dat)
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[An I'on:]

I'm aggressive, progressive, words young ticker be vital
Rip the game and the name to reclaim any taken title

Directly hand out stares to the needle as it rotates
An agent to decrepit from rigormortis in flow eighths
 Not even for a minute can you rap
Let down by the sound that drowns the clowns even dare to step
 Don't ride the rhythm, I order you to jock
Your claim to fame was holdin down but you can't hold cock
 Damn right we can fight, I stay with grudge
 with no prior budge from the previous
And when is it that fourth'll crack cranium, kids come in the picture
 Knowin that asshole and Ion and you ain't the perfect mixture
 Like Alice, diners become the impeccable haven
That any enter my zone must be stripped down and shaven
 I stand before you as a fiendish critter
 Creatin causin collision with a pen
Written that hatred of spaced-out squashed men like it was a sin
 The only job payin me enough to snuff the rough
 should have never planned the plan to make you perish
Leavin your fan and your uncle and son with somethin he can cherish